



Nº 4409 & 461



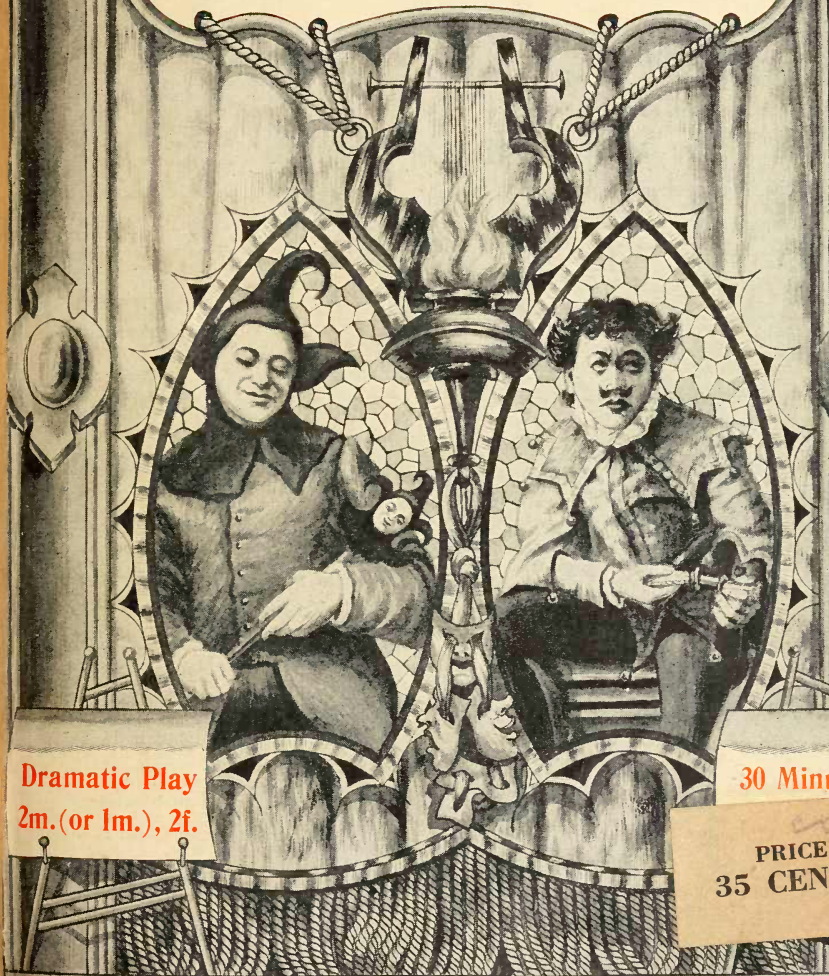
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4409b.461
Set of Turquoise



Dramatic Play
2m. (or 1m.), 2f.

30 Min

PRICE
35 CEN

EDGAR S. WERNER & CO.

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WERNER'S PLAYS

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Set of Turquoise.

DRAMATIC PLAY.

By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

Stage Business by PAULINE PHELPS and MARION SHORT.

Copyright, 1908, by EDGAR S. WERNER.

CHARACTERS: COUNT OF LARA, a poor nobleman.
BEATRICE, his wife.
MIRIAM, a maid.
PAGE.

SCENE I.

Garden of COUNT OF LARA'S villa. At L. is a low balcony overlooking garden, and with steps descending into it. Shrubbery conceals garden wall at back, but at R. part of wall is seen, and a barred gate of exit. A stone bench C. is in garden.

DISCOVERED: BEATRICE, seated on bench, COUNT OF LARA standing near her at R. COUNT is looking off R., as if at moon in sky.

LARA. The third moon of our marriage, Beatrice!
It hangs in the still twilight, large and full,
Like a ripe orange.

· · · SET OF TURQUOISE · · ·

[COUNT points at moon, at same time turning and facing BEATRICE to call her attention to it. Before she speaks, BEATRICE, her hands clasped nonchalantly on her knee, leans forward to look at moon in humorously reflective mood.]

BEATRICE. Like an orange? yes, : . . .
 But not so red, Count. Then it has no stem.
 Now, as 'tis hidden by those drifts of cloud,
 With one thin edge just glimmering through the dark,
 'Tis like some strange, rich jewel of the east,
 In the cleft side of a mountain.
 And that reminds me—

[Her manner changes to one of girlish enthusiasm; she slides right hand along bench and leans eagerly toward COUNT.]

speaking of jewels—love,
 There is a set of turquoise at Malan's,
 Ear-drops and bracelets and a necklace—

[She raises clasped hands and looks up ecstatically.]

ah!

If they were mine.

LARA. And so they should be, dear,
 Were I Aladdin, and had slaves o' the lamp
 To fetch me ingots. Why, then, Beatrice,

[He advances to bench and sits at R. of BEATRICE. His manner is tender and caressing.]

All Persia's turquoise-quarries should be yours,

[He takes her hand in his, regarding her jewelled fingers playfully.]

Although your hand is heavy now with gems
 That tear my lips when I would kiss its whiteness.

[He attempts to kiss her hand, but she, half playfully, half poutingly, draws it away. COUNT laughs at her petulance.]

Oh! so you pout! Why make that full-blown rose

[Lightly taps her lips with his forefinger.]

Into a bud again?

BEATRICE. You love me not.

[She turns away her head.]

LARA. A coquette's song.

BEATRICE. I sing it.

[As BEATRICE leans forward, her head still turned away from him, COUNT leans back of her so that she is compelled to face him from other side, as he says, "A poor song."]

LARA. A poor song.

BEATRICE. You love me not,

[BEATRICE springs up and crosses to R. COUNT rises, watching her, his hand on back of bench. BEATRICE delivers speech with her back turned to LARA until she says, "You're jealous, sir!" on which she turns and faces him. COUNT still takes it all lightly and half laughs as he says, "Not I. I love you."]

or love me over-much,

Which makes you jealous of the gems I wear!

You do not deck me as becomes our state,

For fear my grandeur should besiege the eyes

Of Monte, Clari, Marcus, and the rest—

A precious set! You're jealous, sir!

LARA. Not I.

I love you.

BEATRICE. Why, that is as easy said

As any three short words; takes no more breath

To say, "I hate you." What, sir, have I lived

Three times four weeks your wedded loyal wife,

And do not know your follies?

[He shrugs shoulders lightly at her childishness, and walks a short distance to L.]

I will wager

(If I could trap his countship into this!) [*aside*]

The rarest kisses I know how to give

Against the turquoise, that within a month

You'll grow so jealous—

[He turns and faces her quickly, displaying much interest in what she is saying.]

and without a cause,
Or with a reason thin as window glass—
That you will ache to kill me!

LARA. Will you so?

And I—let us clasp hands and kiss on it.

[He clasps both her hands in his and attempts to draw her close to him. He laughs as he does so, showing complete absence of jealousy.]

BEATRICE. Clasp hands, Sir Trustful; but not kiss—nay, nay!

[She releases her hands and crosses him swiftly to L. Then turns and leans forward tantalizingly, her hands behind her, as she says, "I will not pay my forfeit till I lose."]

I will not pay my forfeit till I lose.

LARA. And I'll not lose the forfeit.

[BEATRICE runs up onto balcony, then turns and says with threatening playfulness, "We shall see." As she disappears into house COUNT sits meditatively on bench.]

BEATRICE. We shall see.

LARA. She has as many fancies as the wind
Which now, like slumber, lies 'mong spicy isles,
Then suddenly blows white furrows in the sea!
Lovely and dangerous is my leopardess.
To-day, low lying at my feet; to-morrow,
With great eyes flashing, threatening doleful death—
With strokes like velvet! She's no common clay,
But fire and dew and marble. I'll not throw
So rare a wonder in the lap o' the world!
Jealous?

[He rises and pauses a moment thoughtfully, as if to make sure of himself.]

I am not jealous—though they say
Some sorts of love breed jealousy.

[A tinge of sadness creeps for first time into his voice.]

And yet,
I would I had not wagered; it implies
Doubt. If I doubted?

[He clenches his hands and his nostrils dilate with intense jealousy roused by thought of doubting BEATRICE. Then he shrugs shoulders and makes a slight gesture, as if putting aside his fancies as absurd.]

Pshaw! I'll walk awhile
And let the cool air fan me.

[He begins to walk slowly up and down as he talks.]

'Twas not wise.

'Tis only Folly with its cap and bells
Can jest with sad things. She seemed earnest, too.
What if, to pique me, she should overstep
The pale of modesty, and give bold eyes

[Suddenly stops in his walk and puts hand across eyes, as if to shut out sight as he says, "I could not bear that, nay, not even that."]

(I could not bear that, nay, not even that!)
To Marc or Claudian? Why, such things have been
And no sin dreamed of.

[He turns and looks toward house, suspicion in his voice as he says, "I will watch her close." Then he laughs, half nervously, and begins pacing up and down again.]

I will watch her close.

There, now, I wronged her. She is wild enough,
Playing the empress in her honeymoons:
But untamed falcons will not wear the hood
Nor sit on the wrist, at bidding. Yet if she,
To win the turquoise of me, if she should—

[Pauses again, raises clenched fists above head as he cries, "O cursèd jewels!" Then sinks on bench until he observes PAGE entering at gate R.]

O cursèd jewels! Would that they were hung
About the glistening neck of some mermaid
A thousand fathoms underneath the sea!

[PAGE enters as LARA says, "A thousand fathoms underneath the sea." PAGE closes gate slowly, looking through bars off R. after closing it, as if watching some one in roadway; then, humming a light Italian air, deliberately saunters past LARA almost

within reaching distance, and disappears up L. behind villa.
PAGE exits as LARA concludes line, "He might have doffed his bonnet as he passed."]

That page again! 'Tis twice within the week
The supple waisted, pretty-ankled knave
Has crossed my garden at this selfsame hour,
Trolling a canzonetta with an air
As if he owned the villa. Why, the fop!
He might have doffed his bonnet as he passed.
I'll teach him better if he comes again.
What does he at the villa?

[LARA rises from bench and looks toward balcony again, jealous in spite of himself.]

Oh! perchance
He comes in the evening when his master's out,
To lisp soft romance in the ready ear
Of Beatrice's dressing maid; but then
She *has* one lover. Now I think she's two:
This gaudy popinjay would make the third,
And that's too many for an honest girl!
I'll ask the Countess—

[Mounts a step or two of balcony, then, half shamefacedly, descends again.]

no, I'll not do that;
She'd laugh at me, and vow by the Madonna
This varlet was some noble in disguise,
Seeking *her* favor.

[Fiercely he draws sword and thrusts it out toward imaginary foe on "through his doublet"—and again makes a thrust on "I would," then lowers sword.]

Then I'd let the light
Of heaven through his doublet—I would—yes,
That is, I would, were I a jealous man:
But then I'm not.

[Returns sword to sheath.]

So he may come and go
To Miriam—or the devil! I'll not care. I'll not
Be cozened longer. When the page comes out
I'll stop him, question him, and know the truth.
I cannot sit in the garden of a night
But he glides by me in his jaunty dress,
Like a fantastic phantom!—never looks
To the right nor left, but passes gayly on,
As if I were a statue.

[He goes up stage and looks off up L., trying to catch sight of PAGE.]

Soft, he comes!

[He crosses quickly down and half conceals himself behind some shrubbery near gate at R.]

I'll make him speak, or kill him; then, indeed,
It were unreasonable to ask it. Soh!
I'll speak him gently at the first, and then—

[PAGE enters from behind villa up L. and comes down toward gate. LARA steps from behind shrubbery and comes between PAGE and gate, barring his way.]

Ho! pretty page, who owns you?

PAGE. No one now.

Once Signor Juan, but I am his no more.

LARA. What, then, you stole from him?

PAGE. Oh! no, sir, no.

[PAGE backs toward C., LARA following him. They come to a standstill immediately in front of bench.]

He had so many intrigues on his hands,
There was no sleep for me nor night nor day.

[PAGE gives exaggerated yawn.]

Such carrying of love favors and pink notes!
He's gone abroad now, to break other hearts
And so I left him.

LARA. A frank knave.

PAGE. To-night
I've done his last bidding—

LARA. As you should—

PAGE. A duty wed with pleasure—'twas to take
A message to a countess all forlorn,
In yonder villa.

[Motions his head toward villa at L.]

LARA [*aside*]. Why, the devil! that's mine!
A message to a countess all forlorn?
[*To PAGE.*] In yonder villa?

PAGE. Ay, sir.

[Crosses up L., and motions LARA to follow him. LARA does so.]

You can see
The portico among the mulberries,

[Points off up L.]

Just to the left there.

LARA. Ay, I see, I see.

A pretty villa. And the lady's name?

PAGE. The lady's name, sir?

LARA. Ay, the lady's name.

[PAGE laughs mischievously and crosses swiftly down to C.]

PAGE. Oh! that's a secret which I cannot tell.

[LARA comes down to C. also, catches PAGE by shoulders and turns him about, facing him.]

LARA. No? but you shall, though, or I'll strangle you!

[Catches PAGE by throat. PAGE struggles vainly to free himself from his grasp.]

In my strong hands your slender neck would snap
Like a fragile pipe-stem.

PAGE. You are choking me!

[Speaks in smothered tones gaspingly. Takes hold of LARA's hands and tries to draw them away from his throat. LARA does

not release him until he speaks "Countess of Lara," then with exclamation of rage and horror he flings him from him.]

O! Loose your grasp, sir!

LARA. Then the name! the name!

PAGE. Countess of Lara.

LARA. Not her dressing-maid?

PAGE. No, no, I said the mistress, not the maid.

LARA. And then you lied.

[LARA comes close to PAGE, looking intently into his face. While he talks PAGE backs away from him as if in fear, and LARA follows him thus entirely around bench.]

I never saw two eyes
So wide and frank, but they'd a pliant tongue
To shape a lie for them. Say you are false!
Tell me you lie, and I will make you rich.
I'll stuff your cap with ducats twice a year.

PAGE [smiling]. Well, then—I lie.

[PAGE comes to a halt and LARA also, and PAGE makes deep, mocking bow.]

LARA. Ay, now you lie, indeed!

I see it in the cunning of your eyes;
Night cannot hide the Satan leering there.
Only a little lingering fear of heaven
Holds me from dirking you between the ribs!

PAGE. What would you have? I will say nothing, then.

LARA. Say everything, and end it! Here is gold.

[Draws small chain purse from bosom and flings it to PAGE.]

You brought a billet to the Countess—well?
What said the billet?

[Takes PAGE by throat again.]

PAGE. Take away your hand,
And, by St. Mary, I will tell you all.

[LARA again releases him.]

There, now, I breathe. You will not harm me, sir!
Stand six yards off, or I will not a word.

[LARA moves short distance from PAGE and stands facing him.]

It seems the Countess promised Signor Juan
A set of turquoise—

LARA [starting]. Turquoise? Ha! that's well.

PAGE. Just so—wherewith my master was to pay
Some gaming debts; but yesternight the cards
Tumbled a golden mountain at his feet;
And ere he sailed, this morning, Signor Juan
Gave me a perfumed, amber-tinted note,
For Countess Lara, which, with some adieus,
Craved her remembrance morning, noon and night;
Her prayers while gone, her smiles when he returned,
Then told his sudden fortune with the cards,
And bade her keep the jewels. That is all.

[LARA sinks despairingly onto bench, hand to heart.]

LARA. All? Is that all? 'T has only cracked my heart!
A heart, I know, of little, little worth—
An ill-cut ruby, scarred and scratched before,
But now quite broken! I have no heart, then;
Men should not have, when they are wronged like this.

[Starts up. Makes half-threatening gesture, dismissing PAGE, and exits into villa, after mounting steps leading to balcony. PAGE's manner becomes more effeminate during soliloquy after LARA's exit, especially in expression of fear.]

Out of my sight, thou demon of bad news!

PAGE [looking after him]. I did not think 'twould work on him
like that.

How pale he grew! Alack! I fear some ill
Will come of this. I'll to the Countess now,
And warn her of his madness. Faith, he foamed
I' the mouth like Guido whom they hung last week
(God rest him!) in the jail at Mantua,
For killing poor Battista. Crime for crime.

[Exits up L. back of villa as before.]

SCENE II.

BEATRICE's chamber. Dark walls hung with old paintings. Arched doorway L. in flat leading to corridor. Curtains of doorway partly drawn. At R. a richly draped couch. Carved mantel-piece R. At R. of couch, a small table on which rests a lighted lamp. At L. is a screen. Close to screen a chair and another small table. On both tables are bouquets of flowers. Statues and other furnishings ad lib.

DISCOVERED. BEATRICE, half reclining on couch. MIRIAM, in maid's dress, arranges flowers in vase on table R.

BEATRICE. Hist!

[BEATRICE sits up, listening intently. MIRIAM gasps, hand to heart, as she recognizes that LARA is approaching. BEATRICE shows no fear whatever. Her manner is full of mischievous excitement. She does not seem to realize in the least, danger of game she is playing.]

that's his step. Miriam, place the lights
Farther away;

[She indicates that MIRIAM is to place lamp on table L. MIRIAM does so.]

keep you behind the screen,
Breathing no louder than a lily does;
For if you stir or laugh 'twill ruin all.

[MIRIAM disappears behind screen, putting head around to speak the following line.]

MIRIAM. Laugh! I am faint with terror.

[MIRIAM is heard gasping convulsively behind screen. BEATRICE rises, crosses over to side of screen and addresses the unseen MIRIAM.]

BEATRICE. Then be still.

Move not for worlds until I touch the bell.

Then do the thing I told you. Hush! his step

Sounds in the corridor, and I'm asleep!

[She runs lightly to couch, flings herself down upon it, and closes eyes as if in slumber. LARA enters from door up L. He

is pale and wild-eyed. He approaches couch and stands at foot of it, looking down upon BEATRICE.]

LARA. Asleep!—and guilt can slumber! Guilt can lie
Down-lidded and soft-breathed like innocence!
Hath dreams as sweet as childhood's—who can tell?
Were I an artist, and did wish to paint
A devil to perfection, I'd not limn
A hornèd monster, with a leprous skin,
Red-hot from Pandemonium—not I.
But with my delicatest tints, I'd paint

[Points at figure of apparently sleeping BEATRICE.]

A woman in the glamour of her youth,
All garmented with loveliness and mystery!
She should be sleeping in a room like this,

[Spreads out both arms, looking about at walls of room as he does so.]

With Angelos and Titians on the walls,
The grand old masters staring grandly down,
Draped round with folds of damask; in the alcoves,
Statues of Bacchus and Endymion,
And Venus's blind-love child: a globèd lamp

[Indicates lamp that MIRIAM has placed on table L.]

Gilding the heavy darkness, while the odors
Of myriad hyacinths should seem to break
Upon her ivory bosom as she slept;

[Moves along back of couch until he stands looking down almost directly into face of BEATRICE.]

And by her side (as I by Beatrice)
Her injured lord should stand and look at her!

[Pauses.]

How fair she is! Her beauty glides between
Me and my purpose, like a pleading angel.

[BEATRICE sighs.]

Her dream's broke, like a bubble, in a sigh.

She'll waken soon, and that—that must not be!
 I could not kill her if she looked at me.
 I loved her, loved her, by the saints, I did—
 I trust she prayed before she fell asleep!

[Bending over her he draws a dagger. He raises it slowly as if loth, yet determined to strike. BEATRICE, at that instant, opens eyes. She puts up hand and lightly grasps wrist of hand that holds dagger—staying LARA in his purpose.]

BEATRICE [*springing up*]. So, you are come—your dagger in your hand?

Your lips compressed and blanchèd, and your hair
 Tumbled wildly all about your eyes,
 Like a river-god's? O love, you frighten me!
 And you are trembling. Tell me what this means.

[Pauses. Then LARA pulls away his hand from her grasp and crosses to L. on "Oh, nothing, nothing." As he crosses, BEATRICE rises from couch, comes a little down R. and stands regarding him curiously. Then he turns upon her accusingly.]

LARA. Oh! nothing, nothing—I did think to write
 A note to Juan, to Signor Juan, my friend
 (Your cousin and my honorable friend);
 But finding neither ink nor paper here,
 I thought to scratch it with my dagger's point
 Upon your bosom, Madam! That is all.

[Sheathes dagger.]

BEATRICE. You've lost your senses!

LARA. Madam, no: I've found 'em!

[BEATRICE speaks with apparently great indignation.]

BEATRICE. Then lose them quickly, and be what you were.

[LARA sinks into chair by table L. His manner is grief stricken.]

LARA. I was a fool, a dupe—a happy dupe.
 You should have kept me in my ignorance;
 For wisdom makes us wretched, king and clown.

[Rises and points accusingly at BEATRICE as he makes charge against her.]

Countess of Lara, you are false to me!

[BEATRICE raises right hand as if calling saints to witness her avowal of innocence.]

BEATRICE. Now, by the saints—

LARA. Now, by the saints, you are!

[BEATRICE crosses hands upon bosom, and raises eyes to heaven in purposely exaggerated manner of innocence.]

BEATRICE. Upon my honor—

LARA. On your honor? fye!

Swear by the ocean's feathery froth, for that
Is not so light a substance.

[BEATRICE approaches nearer LARA, extending clasped hands toward him.]

BEATRICE. Hear me, love!

[He turns and points to statue of Io.]

LARA. Lie to that marble Io! I am sick
To the heart with lying.

[BEATRICE runs up to LARA and gives him a tweak of ear, her manner as saucy and defiant as possible. LARA's manner becomes threatening again, and he draws dagger second time.]

BEATRICE. You've the ear-ache, sir,
Got with too much believing.

LARA. Beatrice,

I came to kill you.

[BEATRICE backs off toward R., showing for first time a little fear.]

BEATRICE. Kiss me, Count, you mean?

[LARA comes close to her, drawn dagger in hand.]

LARA. If killing you be kissing you, why, yes.

BEATRICE. Ho!

[She backs still further to R. as she talks, he following her. As she reaches extreme R. she suddenly crosses in front of him and runs to table L. Getting behind table she rings bell upon it vigorously, and as LARA comes toward table, MIRIAM steps out

from behind screen to confront him. MIRIAM wears dress of PAGE as in Scene I.]

come not near me with such threatening looks,
Stand back there, if you love me, or have loved!

MIRIAM. What would my master, Signor Juan, say—

LARA [*starting back*]. The page? now, curse him!

[LARA advances threateningly toward PAGE. As he does so PAGE lifts cap from head and places thereon instead the maid's cap worn at beginning of scene. LARA starts back in amazement, sheathing dagger as he does so.]

What? no!

Miriam?

[MIRIAM removes maid's cap and places on her head again cap of PAGE. LARA places his hand to his forehead in bewilderment. BEATRICE slips across to R. of him, and MIRIAM stands at L.]

Hold 'twas at twilight, in the villa-garden,
At dusk, too, on the road to Mantua;
But here the light falls on you, man or maid!
Stop now; my brain's bewildered. Stand you there,
And let me touch with incredulous hands!
Wait till I come, nor vanish like a ghost.
If this be Juan's page, why, where is Miriam?
If this be Miriam, where's—

[Puts out his hands and touches MIRIAM's hair, then turns around and sees that BEATRICE at R. is regarding him with mischievous smile. Looks again at MIRIAM and sees that she is smiling also. Then he bursts into a loud laugh and acknowledges in tones of immense relief that he has been "tricked." BEATRICE and MIRIAM join in laughter, both pointing at him in good-natured mockery.]

by all the saints,

I have been tricked!

MIRIAM [*laughing*]. By *two* saints with your leave!

LARA. The happiest fool in Italy for my age!

And all the damning tales you fed me with,
You Sprite of Twilight, Imp of the Old Moon!—

[He pinches MIRIAM's cheek.]

MIRIAM [*bowing*]. Were arrant lies as ever woman told;
And though not mine, I claim the price for them—

[MIRIAM extends PAGE's cap toward him triumphantly.]

This cap stuffed full of ducats twice a year!

LARA. A trap! a trap that only caught a fool!
So thin a plot, I might have seen through it.
I've lost my reason!

MIRIAM. And your ducats!

[BEATRICE advances toward him teasingly, and puts a mocking finger close before his eyes.]

BEATRICE. And,

A certain set of turquoise at Malan's.

[LARA takes BEATRICE's uplifted finger in his hand, lowers her arm, and, bowing over her hand, kisses it in token that she has won. MIRIAM, in background, throws up her PAGE's cap in triumph.]

CURTAIN.

Morning Call. 15c. C. Dance. Romantic Comedy in 1 act. 1 hour. 1m, 1f. Party of men at English country house bet that a young widow can be made to break her resolution not to remarry, and appoint a fascinating one of their number to make the trial. Informed of the bet through woman friend, widow is prepared, and so manages that the would-be joker proposes in earnestness and is accepted.

Needles and Pins. 50c. Helen M. Schuster. Illustrated Pantomimed Song or Dialogue for 1m, 1f. Can be given by 2f. This is the well-known song bringing in "Needles and pins," when a man marries his trouble begins." Words by F. E. Weatherly; music by F. N. Lohr. In sheet music form. 6 photographs. Full music and directions.

"Nettle, The." 15c. E. Warren. Romantic Comedy in 1 act. 1 hour. 1m, 1f. Man, considering himself traduced by newspaper, calls at office to whip editor, but meets and falls in love with editor's pretty sister, who is nice to him because she mistakes him for capitalist whose aid her brother expects. Man, learning that article does not refer to him, presents whip to girl for her brother's use on belligerent callers, and is accepted.

Olga; or, The Franco-Russian Spy.

25c. W. F. Traves. Drama. 1m, 1f. 40 min. Russian interior scene. Police inspector visits woman spy and asks for papers she holds incriminating husband of woman Inspector loves and whom he would spare. The woman spy, bent on vengeance on husband, once her own lover, refuses to give up papers, but yields on learning that her own husband, a French spy, has been caught and she herself is implicated by papers found on him, and on Inspector's threat to turn her over to Russian mob.

Pair of Lunatics. 15c. W. R. Walkes. Romantic Comedy Mad-house Scene in 1 act. 25 min. 1m, 1f. Young man and woman, invited guests at ball at insane asylum, mistake each other for insane, and do all sorts of stunts to get out of their supposed predicament.

Poe's Wife, Death of, Scene from.

35c. J. Mount Bleyer. From unpublished play. 1m, 1f. 10 min. Watching by the bedside of his dying wife Poe, under the stimulation of opium, composes his famous poem, "The Raven." WR19.

Those Landladies. 15c. Ina L. Cassilis.

Comedy Boarding-house Scene in 1 act. 15 min. 2f. English landlady (typical) enters young lady lodger's room to dust and incidentally to chat. Young lady is absorbed with letter from sweetheart, making remarks which landlady mistakes as addressed to her, resulting in comical confusion. When young lady notes landlady's presence she indignantly leaves room, followed by uncomplimentary comments from landlady.

Show of Hands. 15c. W. R. Walkes. Romantic Comedy in 1 act. 40 min. 1m, 1f. Lovers are opposed by girl's fad-inclined father, who thinks he sees in suitor's hand evil propensities. Girl then imagines her own palm reveals same propensities; and, when she goes to her father with her discovery, he is horrified to find same marks in his hand. They are about to surrender to the authorities as preventative measure, when father discovers he has been looking at wrong diagram in his book, and that all their hands really show noble qualities.

Sisterly Confidences. 35c. R. Broughton. Comedy Dialogue. 25 min. 2f. Sedate girl declines to communicate her flirt-ing sister's refusal, and recalls how many lovers she has turned down for sister.

Their Graduating Essays. 15c. Elise West. Comedy Play. 1 act. 20 min. 2f. Two school girls confer in writing graduating essays, cribbing from encyclopedias, and interlarding driest historical matter, most gushing sentimental matter, with frivolous remarks about their chums, their dresses, etc. Full of school-girl nonsense. May end with unseen chorus.

Trial Performance. 25c. Pauline Phelps. Comedy Play. 1 act. 2f. 15 min. Scene between theatrical agent and stage-struck country girl determined to get a hearing, and who inflicts samples of acting on dis-comforted agent. Opportunity for varied performance.

Two Jolly Girl Bachelors. 15c.

E. Martin-Seymour. Romantic Farce in 1 act. 40 min. 2f. Two girls, influenced by woman crank, believe that their lives will become "settled and made perfect" by renouncing men and marriage, and that then they can devote themselves to "healing the sick through the concords of music," finally weaken, pick up letters (which have been lying untouched under the door) from their lovers, who they declare, "will very soon make two happy wives out of Two Jolly Girl Bachelors."

Villain and Victim. 15c. W. R. Walkes.

Farcical Matrimonial Scene in 1 act. 40 min. 1m, 1f. Young married couple interrupt rehearsal of their parts in forthcoming amateur theatricals by making love and apologizing for treating each other as called for by the play, until they get jealous in talking of other players in the cast, becoming reconciled only after they tear up their books and decide not to "sacrifice" their "happiness merely to enrich contemporary drama."

Wager. 15c. F. W. Kitchel. Comedy Play. 1 act. 20 min. 1m, 1f. Man, who has bet with his girl that he can pass for a tragedian without her recognizing him, advertises as teacher of acting; she applies as pupil and they go through Romeo and Juliet scene, he winning bet, and her, too.



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